

EHS RECORD



19 - **MARCH** - 35

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of I.

The English High School Record

Volume L.

No. 4

March, 1935



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THE "SOME-DAY" STUDENT

Christmas always comes; so does Easter. So do many other holidays. But—there is one day which never arrives. That day is "some day." Days, weeks, months, years, centuries—centuries and millions of more may pass, but "some day" is always very far in the future. Nobody ever does anything on "some day" because that's the day that never arrives. A "some-day" student never gets anywhere. He is a "basket filler"; for, not having anything to say, he will tell you that some day he will get down to business and try studying four hours a night; or, probably, some day he's going to punch so-and-so right on the nose; which means he has no thought or intention

of doing such things, for "some day," as you know, is eternal. The boy who is going to succeed is not the one who steadily continues to talk about what he is going to do, but the one who takes the first step toward his goal.

Some-dayism is a bad habit. It might be called a malady. It is a success-destroying word. Keep it out of your vocabulary. The "some-day" students are the featherheads, the shirkers, the oafs of the class.

Anything you plan to do tomorrow will never be done. Remember: *There is no time like the present!*

A. J. F., '35.

H. L., '35.

Obituary

JAMES H. CROWLEY

English High School, in common with the other schools in the Boston system, sustains a great loss in the death of James H. Crowley, Associate Director of Physical Education in Boston. Mr. Crowley died on February 8, 1935, following a serious operation.

For several years Mr. Crowley was connected with English High School, at one time having been the football coach.

In your high school days you may not have had any association with Mr. Crowley. But remember in your primary grades when Mr. Crowley would come over to you with his "chin in, chest out, back straight"?

To his wife and family we extend our deepest sympathy.

Sucker !

By JAMES E. POWERS, '36

Vic Stewart was walking confidently along the main street in the town of Lanover, New Hampshire, one bright, sunny day in September, when he heard the strident voice of a newsboy shouting out, "Athletes Dropped at Harmouth College!" He gave a start, and with a fast-beating heart, bought a paper. The startling news was true! His eyes travelled swiftly over the printed lines as he read the story which had disturbed him so much.

The Dean of Harmouth College had given a statement to the press: "Due to the loss last year to the Athletic Association, and also to the current depression, it has been decided to drop all athletes from an official status. 'Whitey' Nelson, our football coach, has resigned at our request, and we have no intentions of hiring another coach."

Vic glanced up, a stricken look in his eyes.

"No football," he whispered.

Bitter thoughts ran through his mind, and his face grew white with rage.

"I'm a captain without a team, hnh? Well, I'll show them!"

He crumpled the paper and threw it away, and again took up his way towards the college.

Immersed in his own thoughts, he did not hear footsteps behind him, so did not realize that he was not alone until a quiet voice said, "Sorry, Vic, it sure is a tough break for you!"

He swung around and saw his former roommate, "Swede" Glennon, looking at him gloomily. Vic suddenly smiled and said, "Don't let it get you down, Swede. I'm going to see the

Dean right away and we may be able to swing a team without a coach!"

That night a squad of one hundred and fifty candidates turned out for the mass meeting which had been called by Vic. Matters were talked over and, after speaking for a few minutes to the squad, Vic adjourned the meeting. Practice was called for the following afternoon at two-thirty.

The next day the entire squad was out for practice. Since there was no coach, it was up to Vic to classify the material. He sent the ends and tackles with Sntter and Johnson, veterans of last year, to the other end of the field. The rest of the linesmen went with Swede to another portion of the field. The backfield, Vic kept himself. Soon things began to hum.

The day of the first game, with Marvard University, finally rolled around. Before the game Vic gave the team a short pep talk.

"Now, fellows, you've worked hard for the last three weeks. Without a coach it's been a hard, uphill fight, but we've got to show the fans that nothing is too hard for Harmouth men. Now get out there and fight!"

Eleven men walked out from the locker room grimly resolved to win, or die in the attempt! Hopeful substitutes trooped across the field in a dash for seats on the bench. As the team ran out onto the field, Harmouth rooters rent the air with a long, drawn-out yell.

Marvard won the toss and decided to kick. A hush fell over the crowd, the ball was kicked, and a swift-moving tide of running men went down the field. Vic received the ball and was

brought down on his own 45-yard line. The teams lined up and Vic called the signals: "24-72-18-14" — Bill Brown around right end! Joe Cronin and Vic, acting as interference for Bill, knocked the opposing end out and continued towards the goal, but Brown, after making 20 yards, was dumped by a Marvard safety man.

Play after play was reeled off, the ball changed hands many times, but still there was no score. So it stood at the end of the first half.

During the intermission, Vic praised the team for its fine work, exhorting them to further efforts for a touch-down.

The second half opened in the same way as the first. Then the weight of experience of the other team began to crush Harmouth. In the pinches the value of a coach was clearly shown. Marvard fell back on clever, resourceful plays, to which Harmouth had no answer. The Harmouth Indians were badly outplayed!

Three times fast Marvard backs had broken loose for long runs. Placed within scoring distance, the snappy plays easily put touchdowns over.

At the end of the game the score stood, Marvard 18, Harmouth 0. The team returned to the locker-room in low spirits, but Vic managed to cheer them up by telling them it was the first game of the season.

Practice went on every night as usual, the men going through the plays on fair days, and on rainy afternoons, "skull" practice was held in a vacant classroom. However, as Saturday after Saturday rolled by, with a defeat on every one, some of the squad began to get discouraged and left the team. When Vic remonstrated with one of these fellows, the player replied: "You may be a sucker, working night after

night for nothing, but the rest of us aren't! If we had even won once, I'd stick; but I'm no sucker!"

Popular opinion seemed to agree with this idea, and soon Vic was known all over the campus as "Sucker" Stewart.

About this time other affairs began to worry Vic. Dean Clongher's daughter, Eleanor, had been very friendly towards him until the losing streak had hit the team. Now she became very distant, calling him "Mr." Stewart, instead of the once familiar "Vic." He had decided long ago to invite her to the Senior Prom, which was to be held on the night of the last game of the season. He had high hopes of her accepting the invitation up to the present time. She was sure to receive dozens of bids, but he had fondly hoped that she would prefer his company to that of anyone else. Now everything was changed. Nevertheless, he was determined to ask her. One night he rang the Dean's doorbell and asked for Eleanor.

When Eleanor saw who her visitor was she seemed to cool at once.

"Yes?" she asked inquiringly.

"Er—I've come to ask you if you would like to come to the Senior Prom?"

"Well, I don't know, Vic. I like you pretty well, but I don't like to be seen anywhere with a 'flop.' However, I'll go with you on one condition."

"Just name it," grinned Vic.

"Yes, I'll go with you to the Senior Prom if you win the football game with Dale next Saturday!"

Vic left the house in a daze. Win the game on Saturday; why, he'd be lucky if he had enough players to start! Something would have to be done about this! Suddenly a smile broke forth on his face as he thought of an idea to make Harmouth win.

The day before the big game the whole team seemed restless and uneasy. Everything went off smoothly, but an undercurrent of tension made the atmosphere electric. Sharp bickering broke out and everyone seemed hostile to each other. The only thing that gave Vic any hope of victory was his plan, and even that did not console him very much because it might not work.

The Stadium was packed by thousands of roaring fans, waiting to see Dale conquer Harmouth. Most of the Harmouth students were there only to see "Sucker" Stewart take a trouncing. In the locker-room, Vic was just about to spring his plan when the door opened and Mugsy McGrath came in, paging Vic Stewart. Feigning a look of surprise, he signed for the telegram and ripped open the envelope. With a roar of rage he looked up and yelled, "Come here, fellows, look what this says!"

Quickly the team grouped around him and read the telegram:

"GLAD THAT I AM NO LONGER AT HARMOUTH STOP YOU ARE A BUNCH OF YELLOW QUITTERS STOP — SIGNED WHITEY NELSON."

Red Harris, the big fullback, let out a yell on reading this. "Bunch of yellow quitters, are we? We'll show him whether we are or not!"

Every man on the team was fighting mad! Vic relaxed, for he knew that his plan had worked. Just then the signal came to go onto the field. For the first time that year the Indians rushed out looking ready for battle.

Vic won the toss and decided to receive, determined to cash in early on the team's feeling. Dale kicked off and Bill Brown got the ball on the 20-yard stripe. Behind perfect interference he ran it back to the 40 before he was stopped. Then Vic called for a smash

off-tackle by Red Harris, which netted 10 more yards. Vic took the ball on the next play and savagely ripped his way to the Dale 40. Bill Brown took it again and, eluding Grinham, Dale safety man, went over for the touch-down. Then the whistle blew for the end of the quarter.

In the second quarter the ball saw-sawed back and forth from one team to the other, but neither was able to score.

About the middle of the third quarter, Grinham, Dale fullback, broke away and ran 42 yards for a score. The kick for the point went wild, but the damage had been done.

From that moment, Harmouth was driven to the wall. With two minutes to play and Dale in possession of the ball, the case looked desperate. Vic diagnosed the next play as a forward pass, and he proved to be right! He noticed the opposing left end moving around nervously, and so, when the ball was passed he beat the end to the ball, eluded two backfield men, and continued on his mad dash. Faster and faster over the white stripes he went! Only 20 more yards to go, and a lone Dale safety man left to cut him off! The Dale player was running madly, trying to intercept him before he crossed the goal. Just as he crossed the line the Dale man hit him like a ton of bricks. Vic went out like a light!

When he awoke later in the locker-room, his first words were, "Did I make it?"

Swede Glennon hugged him and said, "Listen to that crowd and don't ask foolish questions!"

That night as he entered the ball-room with the vivacious Eleanor on his arm, he grinned and said to himself, "So I'm the guy they called a 'sucker'!"

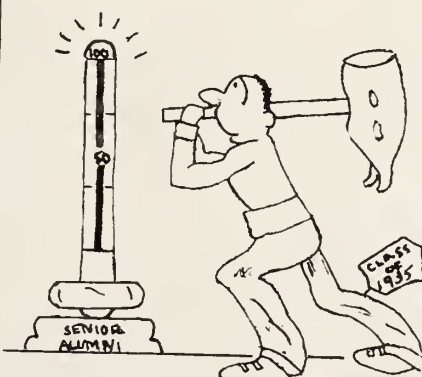
HIGHLIGHTS

PARENTS'
VISITING
DAY

BUT THE DAY IS NOT SO FAR AWAY WHEN WE'LL PAY TWO "BERRIES" AT THE SYMPHONY TO HEAR SOME OF OUR PRESENT PLAYERS SCRATCH A FIDDLE.

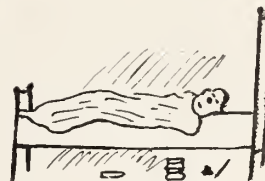
After Vacation
School Daze

ANTI-PROFANITY

ALREADY
FOR THE COMPOSITE
AND YEAR BOOK

RING THE BELL

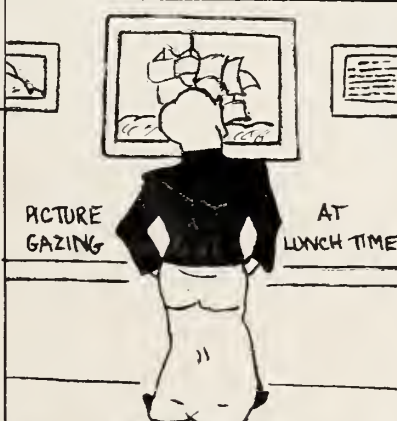
A STUDENT (?) SPENDING EIGHT HOURS OVER HIS HOMEWORK



SENIOR "SITTINGS"



M.S. Glasser '37



Personals

Since our last writing, mid-years have come and gone and personality marks have been entered. The end draws closer and closer. Seniors still have pictures, rings, another Prom—oh, what headaches! . . . It won't be long now before our junior politicians begin their campaigns . . . On Parents' Visiting Day there were many proud sons who had the chance to show them our humble abode . . . But, on the other hand, some other pupil would feel like falling through the floor if called on and "muffed" in the presence of his mother . . . Bringing to mind the closing of personality marks comes now the eligibility of certain seniors for commissions. Stillman is to be a colonel. He still lives those days spent at C. M. T. C. . . . Don Duhy has added another accomplishment to his repertoire — that of an actor. Who knows but that he looks forward to "big things?" . . . Also has Bluestone, but he would, I think, make a better statesman . . . The latter is due to his training in the Current Events Club . . . When "Herb" Whitley vacates his shoes, there will be somebody—his "kid" brother—to fill them . . . Any red-blooded human enjoys a good joke, but when some persistent sophomore persists in annoying a well-meaning senior, it is time something should be done. Then such a person should be put beyond harm. We have in our sophomore class such a one! . . . Paul Hepron is determined to win the Lawrence Prize in chemistry. Good luck, Paul! . . . Scudder hears the call of the sea . . . Hennessy has become language-minded—he now wields the gavel for the French Club . . . Thomas E. Murray has the ambition to some

day become the Speaker of the House . . . Bob Langlois feels confident that he can succeed the "Brain-Trusters." His constructive ideas also are a product of the Current Events Club.

"No," says Rubin Gordon, "it was not home barbery." "Whiffle" Ruby claims that one night while he was walking through Chinatown, a tong war was in action, and he was the recipient of a hatchet that was meant for another, which, we know, accounts for the loss of many inches of grass, heh?

Edmund Flynn would like to know if they have the "jug" (detention classes) at Girls' High . . . Flynn would probably like to go there if there weren't any detention!

Thomas Murray, President of the Current Events Club, predicts a capacity crowd next week . . . The referendum to be put before the students is: *Resolved—That Girls' High School be Abolished!*

Yes..... No.....

Will those who would like to attend this meeting but find they have not the time, please cast their votes opposite Room 106!!

It doesn't take much to make James "Blondy" Harrington blush, especially when his heart's desire—Muriel—is mentioned. Then his face turns ultra-red . . . By the way, why do "Harry" and Harris inspect every train before entering it at Andrew Square?

How do the Yukes boys manage to go out together? . . . Won't one of them get just a little mad some day and tell Mommy a few things about her trusted son?

By the time Martin gets out of English, he should be an experienced locksmith! . . . With Br. as a special tutor, he has obtained a K.E.Y. degree . . . Didn't know we taught that here, huh?

* * *

How's Your Grammar?

"You see a girl walking down the street.

She is *singular*, *feminine*, *nominative*.

You cross the street, changing to *verbal* and then become *dative*.

You walk home together. Here you

see her brother, who is an *indefinite article*, and her mother, who is *accusative* and *imperative*.

You talk about the *future* and she changes the *subject*.

Her father is *present* and you become *past tense*!

* * *

SMILES!

"Take a Number From One to Ten".....Our math teacher's theme song.
 "Hands Across the Table"Passing Notes.
 "I Saw Stars"Looking at F————'s name in the catalogue.
 "Over Somebody Else's Shoulder"I Got the Test.
 "Buddy, Can You Spare a Dime?"For your RECORD subscription.
 "Looking For a Needle in a Haystack"....Trying to find an "A" boy in Q-4.
 "Out in the Cold Again"During a Fire Drill.
 "Rain"The pupil's prayer for no-school.
 "Got the Jitters"Period before a test.
 "Three Cheers for Love"And for our track team.
 "College Rhythm"At E. H. S.-B. L. S. football game.
 "Don't Blame Me"I wasn't doing anything.
 "Isn't it a Shame?"To think one "C" would keep me off the Honor Roll.
 "Love in Bloom"Becoming friendly with a new teacher.
 "Oh! You Miser, You!"You won't even buy a RECORD.
 "Let Your Way Home Be My Way Home".....To G. H. S. students at 2:34.
 "Don't Never Do-o-o That, You Nasty Man"

Give me a "C" when I deserve a "B."
 "Butterfingers"Those who drop their rifles in drill.
 "How Do I Know It's Sunday?"

Just by looking at the clock when you wake up.
 H. L., '35. A. J. F., '35.

Not a Bad Idea!

A doorbell that rings only after a coin is inserted in the slot now is used throughout Holland to discourage canvassers and pedlars and to make them

repay the housewife for her time and trouble. Coins used by friends, of course, are returned.

Humor in Poetry

Should Have Been a Fig Tree!

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy squirms;
He's just been eating chestnuts—
And they were full of worms.

* * *

Should Move Near E. H. S.!

An old lady who lived by the shore,
At length got so used to the roar,
That she never could sleep
Unless someone would keep
A-pounding away at her door.

* * *

Congress On The Job!

The time has come, the Congress said,
To talk of many things . . .
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings.

* * *

Yeh, Around the Ears!

There was a right tackle named Ray,
Quite a ladies man, too, so they say;
He'd love 'em and leave 'em,
And, oh! how he'd grieve 'em!
He'll make a Clark Gable some day.

* * *

Good Old Sue!

There was a young woman named Sue,
Who wanted to catch the 2:02;
Said the trainman, "Don't hurry,
Or flurry or worry—
It's a minute or two to 2:02."

* * *

Add Radio Antipathies

I love the grey of autumn skies,
The innocence in babies' eyes,
The brilliant oriole's lilting note,
But crooners always get my goat.

* * *

Aren't We All?

I cannot steal, I cannot lie,
Indeed my sins amount to nought,
Though candidly, the reason why
Is, I'm afraid of getting caught.

* * *

She Knows Where His Heart Is!

She is not fair to outward view,
As other maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew—
Till she had cooked for me!

Her hair is not the latest mode,
But she's a witch with cake;
And boy! I could indite an ode
On how she broils a steak!

So I shall woo this queen of cooks
And hope she'll not say no;
And when I want to gaze on looks—
We'll both go to a show!

* * *

Quintuplets a Specialty!

A lady in hurry and woe,
To a hospital once had to go;
"What doctor? O, dear—
Almost anyone here,
But I do not want Dr. Dafoe!"

Open Air Anatomy

I think that I shall never see
A man beside the summer sea,
Who looks the least bit nice or cute,
Wearing a topless bathing suit.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
May please the eye, when richly tanned;
But others, who not much are wearing,
Seem to resemble kippered herring.

* * *

Naughty! Naughty!

A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss,
But in less than a jiffy
They landed like this!

* * *

Foolish Wuhm!

De eahly buhd he cotch de wuhm—
Leas' ways dat what I heahd,
Which show de wuhm ain' got no head,
Foh if he had he'd stay in bed
En fool de eahly buhd.

* * *

It's a Racket!

"Your feet are small," the shoe clerk said,
As he her instep pressed;
The lady sighed and bowed her head,
And gladness filled her breast.
But little time with her he spent,
A busy clerk was he;
He sold her sixes ere she went—
But they were numbered three.

* * *

Impossible!

There was an old man who said, "How
Shall I flee from this horrible cow?
I will sit on this stile
And continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of the cow."

That's What the Old Man Thought!

There was a young lady of Cork,
Whose Pa made a fortune in pork;
He bought for his daughter
A tutor who taught her
To balance green peas on her fork.

Aren't We All?

There was a young lady named Maud,
A very deceptive young fraud;
She never was able
To eat at the table,
But out in the pantry—O Lord!

Should Drink More Milk!

There was a young lady named Perkins,
Who had a great fondness for gherkins;
She went to a tea
And ate twenty-three,
Which pickled her internal workin's.

Clever, Yeh?

"I dote on oaks," said the languishing maid,
"So noble, so stately, though few;
Tell me, now, Mr. Jones, what's your favor-
ite tree?"
And he tenderly answered, "Yew."

Mary Should Be More Careful

Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was gone in spots,
For Mary fired her father's gun,
And lamby caught the shots!

* * *

Probably His Figure!

A lady there was of Antigua,
Who said to her spouse, "What a pig you
are!"

He answered, "My queen,
Is it manners you mean,
Or do you refer to my figure?"

* * *

Domestic Relations

There was a young man of Dunbar,
Who playfully poisoned his Ma;
When he'd finished his work,
He remarked with a smirk,
"This will cause quite a family jar!"

* * *

A Stroke of Luck!

He drove far out of bounds to where
The ripened corn was tall,
Yet he was not inclined to swear,
For she was lovely who was there
To help him hunt the ball.

* * *

Some of the Exceptions

The horse with the calmest eyes may not
Be easiest to ride;
She may not be most innocent
Who has a blush to hide;
'Tis not the biggest oyster that
May have the pearl inside;
'Tis not the finest wedding where
The strongest knot is tied.

* * *

Righto!

"Dogs is mighty useful beasts,
They might seem bad at first;
They might seem worse right along,
But when they're dead
They're wurst."
'Til instead of two cats—there weren't any!

Motherly Care!

"Mother," she said, "pray hear my plea:
May I go to the new sex play?
Harry has kindly invited me,
And it's scandalous, so they say."

"Yes, my child, of course you may go;
Why shouldn't you? It'll be grand;
You'll merely have to pretend, you know,
That you're pure, and don't understand."

* * *

Truth!

There was a young lady named Ruth,
Who had a great passion for truth;
She said she would die,
Before she would lie,
And she died in the prime of her youth.

* * *

Smiles!

There was a young lady of Niger,
Who went for a ride on a tiger;
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger.

* * *

Society, Heh!

There was a young person called Smarty,
Who sent out his cards for a party;
So exclusive and few
Were the friends that he knew,
That no one was present but Smarty!

* * *

Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here!

And so we sing, "Long live the King;
Long live the Queen and Jack;
Long live the Ten-spot and the Ace,
And also all the pack."

* * *

Vice-Versa

There was a young lady whose dream
Was to feed a black cat on whipt cream,
But the cat with a bound,
Spilt the milk on the ground,
So she fed a whipt cat on black cream.

A DAY IN SONGS!

*I Woke Up Smiling, and With My
Eyes Wide Open, I cried, Good Morn-
ing, Glory, I've Got To Get Up And
Go To Work.*

At the office the boss kept pestering
me with, *Take A Number From One
To Ten*, but all I could answer was,
Did You Ever See A Dream Walking?

Diana and I had *Dinner At Eight*,
with *Our Hands Across The Table*. It
then started to *Rain*, and when the
Moon Came Over The Mountain, we
went *Riding Around In The Rain*, while

the car's radio played *I Love You So
Much*, and all I could talk about was
You And The Night And Music. At
One Minute To One we went home and
sat *By The Fireside*.

At two, she told me to *Throw An-
other Log On The Fire*.

At *Three O'Clock In The Morning*,
I said *Good Night, Lovely Little Lady*.

And so, *Another Perfect Day Has
Passed Away*.

A. J. F., '35.

H. L., '35.

Stung!

CHARLES H. STONE

My wife and I live at 127 Kolleroff Street, Pancedown, Pa. You go out University Avenue two blocks beyond Pickelthummin's Delicatessen, turn to the right, and our house is the eighth on the left. We have lived the whole of our married life there. Pancedown is the seat of People's University of Pennsylvania, sometimes referred to as P U P.

I don't care much for it myself, probably because it is over my head, but my wife is devoted to auction bridge. If it hadn't been for a certain bridge party, this story would never have been written, because the events described herein would not have occurred.

One evening some weeks ago I came home from my store about six o'clock, expecting supper to be ready as usual. Instead, I found a note beside my plate on the dining room table. The note read:

"Dearest: There is a bridge party this evening at Mrs. Thurber's on Palmer Street. I am on the committee of arrangements and so must be there early. I shall probably be quite late home, but don't come after me as Mr. Thurber is to take me home in his car. There is a hot supper for you in the fireless cooker and the dessert is in the ice chest. I hope you will find everything all right. Love,

Maude.

P. S. Don't forget to put the cat out. M."

"All right!" I said. "That lets me out! I'll just slip over to Bert Fosllick's for the evening."

I ate heartily of the excellent hot supper, found and enjoyed fully the delicious custard and cake which were in the ice chest, and piled the dirty

dishes in the sink. Then I slicked up a bit and went over to Bert's, picking up Oscar Thackaberry and Ed McChesney on the way. We found Bert in and played pinochle, the four of us, till nine o'clock, when Oscar had to go to see a friend off for Cleveland on the 9:30.

When I got home at ten, the moon was shining so brightly that I did not think it necessary to turn on the lights in the house. I put out the cat, locked the back door, and went up to take a bath. Our bathroom is at the back of the house. I had just finished and was in my bathrobe and slippers when I heard a slight noise downstairs. Thinking my wife had returned home earlier than expected, I slipped down the stairs and turned on the lights in the parlor. Just as I did so, to my intense surprise, a young man stepped out of the hall into the parlor, pushing aside the portieres as he entered. By the expression on his face he was as much surprised to see me as I was to see him.

"Who are you and what the devil are you doing here?" I exclaimed in a gruff voice.

"Don't be alarmed, I beg of you," he replied softly. "It's only I. And I am not doing anything—yet."

"Well, whoever you are, you have no business coming into people's houses in this fashion. I am going to call the police," and I laid my hand on the telephone.

"Good!" he cried, clapping his hands. "The very thing! Nothing could be more convincing to the committee!"

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Why, it will prove to them that my stunt—"

"See here!" I shouted, "will you talk sense? What committee? Whose stunt? And how did you get in here?"

The young man looked at me sadly.

"I will. Ours. Mine. By the door."

"For heaven's sake—" I began.

"My dear sir, I was only answering your four questions as plainly as possible. There is no occasion to get excited. Calm yourself. When you understand the situation, everything will be perfectly obvious."

I was beginning to like this young fellow; he was so civil, so courteous, and yet so self-possessed. Altogether, he made a very favorable impression upon me.

"Won't you sit down?" I said in a somewhat gentler voice.

"Thanks. I believe I will." And he sank gracefully into an easy chair. "But aren't you going to call the police?"

"Well, er—er—not just now," I replied. "Have a smoke," and I presented my cigarette case which was in the pocket of my bathrobe.

"Thanks a lot. I believe I . . . No, I guess I had better not."

"Campbells?" I said significantly.

The young man closed his eyes and groaned. "My pet smoke and the only real cigarette there is! Don't tempt me! If the committee—"

"There you go again!" I cried. "What committee and what is this all about, anyhow?"

"Why, sir!" replied my visitor. "You see, I am a freshman at P U P and our committee—"

I groaned.

"You see, sir," continued the young man, "there are about a dozen of us who want to join the Pi Eta Society and the committee on initiations has given each one of us some stunt to pull off."

I began to see the light. "So your stunt was to break in here—"

"Rather crudely put," said the young man. "I would hardly call it that!"

"Well, what are some of the stunts that your committee has assigned?" I inquired as memories of my own college days began to awaken in my mind.

"Well, sir," replied my visitor, "if you are on Main Street tomorrow at ten o'clock, you will see Frank McMerrow roll a carrot."

"Roll a carrot!"

"Yes, sir! On his hands and knees. With his nose, sir. And he is to pay no attention to the crowd that gathers, nor is he even to smile."

"What else?"

"At precisely eleven o'clock, Robert Deavitt and John McQuade, clad only in their B V D's, will turn somersaults on the big green lawn at the corner of Locust and Monroe Streets for half an hour."

"Not on Sophronia Lauriston's lawn!" I exclaimed.

"Is that the lady's name?" inquired the young man. "I didn't know—"

"But, man!" I cried, "she is the Second Reader in the Christian Science Church, and if this thing gets into the papers—"

"It will be just too bad, won't it!" said the young man. "But they are bound to do it or lose out."

"Go on! Give us the next one!" I said.

"You may know a rather stont, smallish gentleman who wears side whiskers, black frock coat, and a silk hat."

"That must be Dr. Packard, the presiding elder for this district of the Methodist Church. Well?"

"Henry Lexway from Kentucky is to do this: Whenever he meets the old gentleman tomorrow, he is to bash the silk hat down over the side whiskers,

then hold out his hand and say, 'Hello, old chappie!'

I fairly gasped. Who could imagine anyone doing that to Dr. Parker?

"As for myself," continued the young man, "I was to enter here softly and carry away some slight article as evidence that I had actually made an entrance into the house. It just happened to be your house. Any other house on the street would have done as well."

"Well," I remarked, smiling, "help yourself. There's the piano, the refrigerator in the kitchen, and the coal stove."

My visitor regarded me sadly. "Nothing so large as that is expected of my visit here. It must be some small article and taken from the second story," plained the young man. "You see, the committee thought of all the items in each stunt."

"Yes, I see," I replied.

"You are so understanding and appreciative," continued my visitor, "I am constrained to believe that you

"Why the second story?" I inquired.

"Because it is more difficult to reach the second story and get away," ex-must have been a college man yourself. Were you ever assigned a stunt? And if so, what was it?"

"That was years ago," I said apologetically. "I want to join the Delta Omicron Gamma. I was to put on roller skates and parade up and down Washington Street carrying in my arms a watermelon dressed in baby clothes, crooning all the while, 'Kentucky Babe'."

"Splendid!" cried the young man. "And did you put it over?"

"I sure did!" I replied. "Some of the fellows said to me: 'You won't dare try it, Jack!' but I did, and got away with it!"

"Fine for you!" cried my visitor. "You'd have been blackballed, I suppose, if you hadn't." Then he added: "Ted Hanscom was blackballed a day or two ago because he refused to climb a telegraph pole in front of the Presbyterian Church and sing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' while going up. This was to be done at precisely twelve-fifteen, when the congregation was coming out after the Sunday services. You will understand, sir, that I do not wish to be treated similarly, so I must ask you to permit me to go upstairs for a few moments."

"Sure," I replied. "I'll go along with you."

"That wouldn't do at all, sir," replied my guest. "If the spotter—"

"The spotter?"

"Yes, sir! For every one of these stunts there is a spotter who is to observe and report to the committee how well you did your assignment. The spotter is over there in the shadows of that house. I can't see him but I know he is there. May I go up now, sir?"

"All right!" I replied. "Take your time. I'll be here when you come down."

"Thank you, sir. I won't be gone two minutes." And up he went.

He came down sooner than I expected. In his hand was a small porcelain dog with its back hollowed out to receive cigar ashes.

"I took this, sir," he said apologetically. "I—I hope it is of no great value, sir."

"Take the darn thing and welcome," I replied genially. "Somebody gave that to me for Christmas some years ago and I have always hated the china abomination. Take it away!"

"Thank you," said my guest. "And now I must be going. Let me express my appreciation for your kindly con-

sideration, sir, in appreciating the circumstances attending my visit here. Good night, sir."

"Good night, my boy!"

"Good night, old top!"

I closed the door after him and returned to the parlor. As I sat down in the easy chair, I laughed aloud. College boys of the present day were not much different than those of my own time. I remembered the occasion when Arthur Macomber . . . And my mind trailed off into a maze of college memories in the midst of which I fell asleep.

My wife came home about half-past eleven and woke me up. She had so much to tell about the bridge party that I didn't have a chance to tell her of my little adventure. On the whole, I decided that it would be better to tell it at breakfast, where it would serve to start the day off gaily.

The next morning I had some little chores to do in the backyard before breakfast. When I came into the kitchen, my wife entered from the front of the house. She had the morning paper under her arm and in one hand carried that confounded china dog and in the other a sheet of note paper. She regarded me coldly.

"Perhaps you can explain how this china dog came to be on the front porch this morning?"

"Surely, my dear," I replied gaily. "It is the biggest joke. You see, I loaned it to a friend last evening and probably he—"

"How long did it take you to make up that one?" replied my wife. "And perhaps, John Schnorrer McTwiddler, you can explain this note which I found under the china dog?"

When my wife calls me by my full name, I know matters are getting serious. I took the note and read aloud:

"Dear Jack. You will let me call you that, won't you? How can I ever thank you for the delightful evening you have given me. I rarely meet a man of such generosity and appreciation. (My wife sniffed, "Generosity and appreciation!") I hope we may meet again. Alfie . . . P. S. I am returning the little souvenir which you gave me. I really don't think I ought to keep it. A."

The note was written in a beautiful feminine script.

"How long have you been carrying on with this Alfie woman?"

Breakfast that morning did not pass off so merrily as I had anticipated. It is mighty hard to explain some things to a woman. After breakfast I went up to my room to get ready for the store. It was the room from which the china dog had been taken.

* * *

I am now hoping some day to meet again my visitor of that evening, the engaging young man who writes a hand like a woman's. There is something he ought to have and I should like to give it to him personally. And I am also hoping to lay eyes once more on a pearl-handled revolver, a silver cigarette case, a pair of diamond shirt studs, a wrist watch, and sixty-three dollars in bills which were in the upper right-hand drawer of my chiffonier.

And What a Bag!

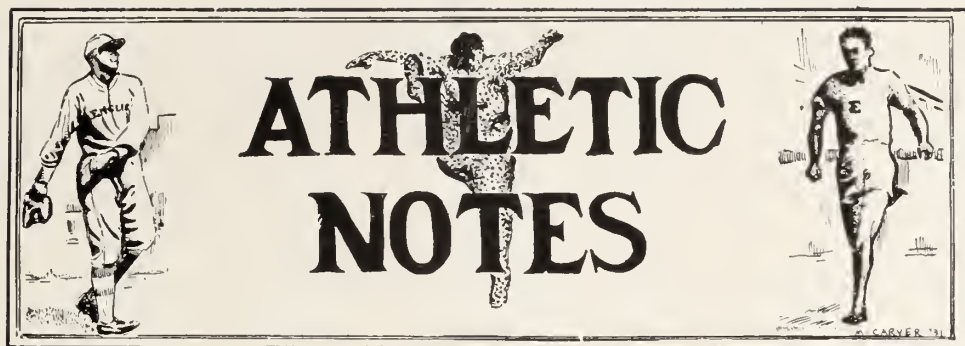
All the letters in the alphabet are contained in this sentence: *Pack my bag with five dozen liquor jugs.*

* * *

Miss: "And you swore you'd always treat me like a queen!"

Mann: "Well, 'ang it, I ain't 'Enry the Eighth."





ENGLISH VS. MECHANIC ARTS VS. DORCHESTER

In their annual tri-meet with Mechanic Arts and Dorchester, the Blue and Blue piled up a grand total of 164 1-3 points to the Artisans' 103 5-6. Dorchester was a poor third with but 38 5-6 points.

Frank Zeimetz, stellar dashman in Class "B," won his event handily, with Andy Scala dogging his heels. Capt. "Rod" Battles beat the flashy "Chicken" Smith of Mechanics by a good margin in the Class "A" sprint.

"Red" Hegarty led all the way in the Class "C" 440, but was hounded by Joe Malone of Dorchester. "Red" had too much left and won by a yard. Finbar Sullivan carried the Blue and Blue home ahead of Art Fleming, his teammate.

Joe Zagarella had too much for Charlie Hoar of Mechanics in the Class "B" 600. Although Charlie tried hard, Joe beat him by a yard and a half.

Dick Olsen had to be content with a tie when Ed Goode of Mechanics came from behind to breast the tape with him. Tom Gallagher, giant Class "D" hurdler, led all opposing hurdlers by the nose and won his event in stride from Joe Bognia of Mechanics.

In the Class "B" 300 there was quite

a mixup on the home stretch and when the mess was unscrambled, Roger Hunt of English had won first place, followed by Huskins of Mechanics and Sumner Raphael of English.

Freddie Leahy, the most improved hurdler on the team, won the Class "B" flights easily. Charlie Lake, who, until a few weeks ago was a 600 yarder but who now runs in the 1000, won this event easily. Charlie looks like a point winner in the "Reggies."

"Reggie" Benn, hurdler, and brother of Benn who hurdled for Memorial a few years back, looked good enough to the judges to get second place in the Class "C" fences.

English's lead was not too large until the long distance runs came around. In these they garnered 30 points, which assured their victory.

J. Mark Devlin led the Class "A" 600 crowd up to the tape, followed by Art Clifford and John Hurley, his teammates.

I wish to thank the Assistant Track Managers, Frank Hurley, Jim Hughes, Bud Diehl, Dunc Gillis, and the others for the co-operation they have shown in fulfilling their duties.

ENGLISH VS. LATIN

The English High tracksters came through beautifully in their duel with our Purple foe at the East Armory, when they defeated Latin, 185-129, and gained revenge for the 13-12 football setback of last fall. Although Latin School was very strong, she lost a few points when her favorites failed to produce. English, however, was nicely balanced and the sweeps in the Class "B" dash and hurdles made victory certain.

Frank Zeimetz, Northeastern and B. A. A. schoolboy dash champ, had a romp in his event and breasted the tape in 5:4. His pal, Andy Scala, was right on his heels.

The race of the day was the 440, with "Red" Hegarty, English's hope, and Latin's Fred Coolen fighting for top honors. Hegarty led all the way, but on the gun lap, Coolen started to come up. They were neck and neck when suddenly both boys went sprawling. Moore of English, however, went on to victory, followed by Larry Stone.

"Red" Thompson of Latin had the Class "B" 600 pretty much his own way and won easily. Still he could not lose Joe Zagarella and his shadow, Peppy McCarthy, who finished second and third, respectively. Peppy is a wee lad, but he usually is "in there" when the finals come along.

The Class "A" 300 was a "pip," with "Len" Weiner of Latin and "Fin" Sullivan and "Art" Fleming of English

fighting for first place. Sullivan ran a close race all the way and nosed out Weiner at the tape. When Weiner was disqualified, Fleming moved into second place.

"Great Dane" Dicky Olsen continued his Class "D" dash triumphs when he beat Martin of Latin in stride. Arthur O'Brien was beaten by Brode Bjorklund in the Class "C" sprint.

Capt. Roger Battles surprised the spectators when he nosed out Harry Feinman of Latin in the Class "A" dash.

John Powers of Latin was too good for Mark Devlin and was in front by 5 yards at the finish.

The surprise of the day came in the Class "D" 176, when Francis O'Connell, one of the little fellows, led the big boys home.

In the field events, English maintained her supremacy by sweeping the Class "A" broad jump. "Moose" Mantos won first place from the other 8-lb. pellet pushers in Class "B," but his pal, "Moose" Coan, had to be content with a second to Harry Feinman in the Class "A" shotput.

Powers and Nichols kept first and second places on the right side of the book, with John doing 5 feet 8 inches in the Class "B" high jump to nose out Nichols. Dick Olsen won the Class "D" broad jump.

George Thanopoulos did 5 feet 4 inches in Class "C" to win it.

TUOMAS SCANLAN, '35.

Parent, concluding the recital of his exploits: "And that, my boy, is what I did in the Great War."

Harrington: "But, Daddy, why did they want so many men besides you?"

* * *

Sorry He Spoke!

Hero (excitedly): "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"

Voice from Gallery (Barrett): "Will a donkey do?"

"Certainly; I'm much obliged; come right down, sir!"



It gives us a great deal of pleasure to print the following regarding our graduates who are now attending Northeastern University:

Salvatore Amico, '31, has been a consistent high honor man, having been named on the Dean's List of honor students at Northeastern University for the latest marking period of the year. He is enrolled in the chemical engineering course.

Helmut Haendler, '31, is a senior in the chemical engineering course. He is also a consistent high honor student, having been named on the Dean's List on sixteen previous occasions. He has been a leader of the concert orchestra for three years and is a member of the Senate, honor society for the School of Engineering.

Francis Mahoney, '25, is a sophomore in the civil engineering course. His name has appeared on the Dean's List once previously. In his freshman year he played on the baseball team. While at English High he participated in track and wrestling.

Edward McNamara, '31, is enrolled in the School of Business Administration, where his fine work has enabled him to make the Dean's List on nine previous marking periods. During his three years at Northeastern he has played football and baseball and was elected to his class nominating committee. At English High he also played football and baseball.

Hyman G. Snyder, '33, is a sophomore in the chemical engineering course. His name has appeared on the Dean's List on one previous occasion. Last year Hyman played freshman football. At High School he was a track man and a member of the band.

David F. Lowry, '34, who is a member of the freshman class in the civil engineering course, has been named on the Dean's List of honor students for the latest marking period.

Richard Cornelissen, '34, who is a member of the freshman class in the civil engineering course, has been named on the Dean's List of honor students for the latest marking period.

Raymond T. Barbera, '33, who is also a member of the freshman class in the civil engineering course, has been named on the Dean's List for the latest marking period.

Philip Mazor, '29, is the athletic director of the Roxbury Monarchs. He is producing some great athletic teams for this organization. Phil has prospects of a champion baseball team this year.

Al Cohen, '29, and also a graduate of Georgetown University, was recently honored by being selected as all-scholastic tackle for 1934. Al will probably land a coaching berth this fall.

Bob Needle, '29, is efficiency manager for the Needle Stores of Boston.

J. F. V.

E-7 CLASSES PRESENT PLAY

On Thursday and Friday, February 14 and 15, the E-7 classes presented a play, entitled "Washington." The action depicted the winter at Valley Forge.

Boys who took part are: Duhy, Bluestone, Ochs, Stein, Kline, Yakus, Needle, Romorowski, Hunter, Sigismund, Nazzarro, Pino, and Stanley.

The play was presented under the direction of Mr. Hayes. The orchestra furnished the music at both performances.

E. H. S. FENCING TEAM HOLDS MATCHES

The E. H. S. fencing team is now making rapid progress and its members are becoming quite proficient in the handling of the foils. The club has held two matches so far. The first was with Trinity Church and the second with Dorchester High School for Boys. The results of the first match were: E. H. S. 5, Trinity 4.

Bill Rabinovitch should be given due praise for his fine work. Others participating were: Capt. Moskowitz, P. Duffee, D. Cohen, and Schwartz.

The results of the second match were: Dorchester 6, E. H. S. 3.

The same team as above participated in this match.

We wish to thank Mr. Kane for his fine work in helping the boys in their work.

CAMERA CLUB

The E. H. S. Camera Club has sponsored an exhibition in the school library. At each meeting, talks upon different phases of photography are given. Pictures of interest around the school have been taken by club members. The members have made "pin-hole" cameras which are working very satisfactorily and bringing a lot of fun to those that own them. Many negatives have been enlarged. Many boys have made their own enlargers. Mr. Ford, faculty adviser, is molding the club into a very fine technical one.

STAMP CLUB

The E. H. S. Stamp Club has been making rapid progress since its organization last year. Due to some mistake this club has not been heard from. Its members are made up of those boys whose hobby is the collecting of stamps—an interesting and educational pastime. Mr. Bowler is the faculty adviser. The officers for this year are: President, William E. Frederick, '35; Vice-President, Irving Berlow, '35; and Secretary, Robert Driscoll, '36.

Auctions of stamps are held. The members have sent to Washington for special stamps. A contest has been held to decide upon the best-looking page of stamps. The first prize was awarded to Hanscom, and second prize went to Shabo.

All boys who wish to order new stamps from Washington are requested to attend any meeting and do so.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

The E. H. S. Chemistry Club met and organized with Mr. Atwood of the Science Department as faculty adviser. The officers selected for this year are: Ralph L. Hegner, '35, President; James A. Mitchell, '35, Vice-President; Arthur Wong, '35, Secretary.

A series of experiments are held at each meeting by the members. Analyses of substances are delved into.

Speakers interested in chemistry have been invited to address the club at later dates. The club has already conducted a trip to Arthur D. Little Co.

CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

The Current Events Club of E. H. S. is making fine progress under the able direction of Mr. Phelps of the History Department. Since the last writing, this club has drawn up and adopted a constitution. Those actively engaged in the drafting of the constitution were John L. Hennessy, Eli Bluestone, Harry Moskowitz, Robert Langlois, L. McHenry.

It is now a joy to the officers and members of this club to conduct their meetings on a definite plan. A resumé of the week's news is given by a member each week. In this way are the members able to learn what is going on in world affairs.

At future meetings the question of subsidizing college athletics will be discussed. A formal debate will be held upon the question of capital punishment, whether to sustain or to do away with it. The question, "Resolved: That a single presidential term of six years be adopted by the United States," is scheduled for discussion.

Total membership of the club is now fifty members. New members and visitors are welcome.

MATH CLUB

The E. H. S. Math Club has held its semi-annual election of officers. The new officers are:

PresidentJordan Kilbrick
Vice-PresidentManoog S. Young
Secretary-TreasurerMilton Shea

The members are working on a number of projects. Arrangements have been made for a club museum on the second floor in commercial exhibition section. In this museum are to be put the drawings and instruments made by the boys. A Math Club library is in formation, to consist of projects written by members. Mr. Lundin can well be proud of his Math Club members.

PARENTS' VISITING DAY

Tuesday, Feb. 5, 1935, was Parents' Visiting Day. This is an established annual event in the school and many parents look forward to it every year. Each parent was extended the welcome of the school from 1 to 2:34 P. M. During this time they had the opportunity to visit their sons' classrooms, the various instructors, the drill hall, or attend a concert given by the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Rand. A detail of commissioned officers under the direction of Capts. Keller and Meanix served as guides.

At the close of school a reception was held in the assembly hall. Donald L. Claffin gave a brief talk upon the school. He was followed by Mr. Downey, who gave an address upon "The School and Its Functions."

Moving pictures were shown by Mr. Ford of the Science Department on school activities. The orchestra furnished the music.

The "Trick Squad" also gave an exhibition.

LIEUT.-COL. PAUL G. KIRK ADDRESSES SENIOR CLASS

Lieut.-Col. Paul Grattan Kirk, Commissioner of Public Safety of Massachusetts and a member of the Class of '22, E. H. S., delivered his annual address to the senior class at the first senior assembly of the new year. Mr. Downey presented Lieut.-Col. Kirk. As a prelude to the address the class, under the direction of Mr. Barrows, sang a group of songs of former classes.

Lieut.-Col. Kirk outlined briefly the duties of his office as Commissioner of Public Safety.

He stated the need of support and co-operation of the class to insure class success. Examples were taken from his own experience as president of the Class of '22. He outlined the future advantages of class spirit, and vividly portrayed the part our Alma Mater would play in each boy's life. As a conclusion, Lieut.-Col. Kirk read an essay which he wrote for THE RECORD when president of his class, entitled "Trail's End." This was his message to his classmates.

Donald L. Claffin, president of the Class of '35, and William T. Sullivan, Chairman of the Dance Committee, also spoke.

The Band furnished the music.

FRENCH CLUB HOLDS SEMI- ANNUAL ELECTIONS

The French Club, a recent addition to the organized clubs of the school, held its semi-annual elections on February 14, 1935. The results were:

President John J. Hennessy, '35
Vice-President Irwin Elkins, '36
Secretary Vincent Salvati, '35

The club has already conducted a debate on the question of the probable outcome of the Saar Plebiscite of January 13, 1935. They are formulating plans for a French play to be presented in the near future.

BLUE AND BLUE RIFLE CLUB HOLDS MATCH

The Blue and Blue rifle team held a match in January with the Wentworth Institute team. The results of this match were, out of a possible 500:

Wentworth Institute ... 462

Blue and Blue 452

The Boston College match was postponed because of a Prom being held the evening of the match.

Trainor, Seaboyer, and Koehler have obtained their expert rifleman's certificate.

A match with Watertown High for March 6th has been arranged.

GOING HOLLYWOOD!!

"Men in White" Lunch Counter Assembly
"Hide Out" Capt. Keller's Secret Service Boys
"Happiness Ahead" Easter Vacation
"Baby Takes a Bow" The Frosh gives an "A" recitation
"Handy Andy" The Janitor
"Born to be Bad" Those English Teachers
"Murder on the Blackboard" Test questions are produced
"Personality Kid" Commissioned Officer
"Their Big Moment" The '35 class on Graduation Day
"Gridiron Flash" Capt. Al Munichello
"Midnight Alibi" Student with sleeping sickness
"Big-Hearted Herbert" Passing a "D" pupil

FARRELL CAIN, '35.

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL

A description (humor in blank verse) with
apologies to Henry W. Longfellow.

By Alvin D. Zalinger, '36

In between the mighty Warren,
And between the great Montgom'ry,
Near the Dartmouth and the Tremont,
(All of these the greatest by-ways),
Are the wilds of English High School;
Full of statues, full of pictures,
Full of classrooms and of lockers.
And 'tis here there lives the five tribes,
Noble five tribes of the High School.
Men of honor and achievement,
Men of wisdom, men of learning,
Men of prowess in athletics,
Who comprise those famous five tribes,
Noble five tribes of the High School.
First the tribe of little freshmen,
Youngest of the clan of English,
Innocent of misdemeanor,
Fine examples of their manhood,
Fine examples of the freshmen,
Noble tribe of English High School.
Next the second tribe called soph'mores,
But a step from younger freshmen,
But more wiser, not a great deal,
But less foolish, getting older,
Fine examples of the soph'mores,
Noble tribe of English High School.
Next the tribe of older juniors,
Getting wiser, getting wiser
To the High School, to the teachers,
Dawn is breaking in the High School,
Fine examples of the juniors,
Noble tribe of English High School.
Then the seniors, great and mighty,
Brilliant seniors, proud and haughty,
Sad because they must depart soon,
Many cannot bear to leave it,
Fine examples of the seniors,
Noble tribe of English High School.
Last, the tribe of hero teachers,
Champion warriors of the classroom,
Master doners of the hours,
Master users of the red ink,
Fine examples of the teachers,
Noble tribe of English High School.
Thus we have the famous five tribes,
Famous five tribes of the High School,
Producing but the very best crops
In profession, art, and business;
Men of honor and achievement,
Cloaked in light blue, cloaked in dark blue.

AN ATHLETE'S PRAYER

(Dedicated to E. H. S. Track Team)

By Alfred M. Zawulich, '35

All I ask is a day that's clear,
And a field that's fair and fit;
And grant me, pray, the strength I need
To help in doing my bit.

And let me, at the starting line,
Bid luck to my friendly foes,
By saying, "May the best man win,"
As that old sport adage goes.

And let me, if I am to win,
To win in a sporting way;
And console the many losers
Of that real and stirring fray.

But help me, if I am to lose,
To lose with a fighting heart,
With my head, my pride, my honor,
Held high from the very start.

Then let me stand by the dusty lane,
Right in the midst of the crowd,
And heartily cheer the winners
In a voice that's sad but loud.

MY BOOK

By Joseph M. Byrne

When I have nothing else to do,
Or when I'm feeling down and blue,
I sit in a secluded nook
And open up my friendly book.

I let it take me far away
To yester-years and yesterdays—
To lands of mystery and romance,
Lands of music, song and dance.

I love that book that always brings
Me into the lives of paupers and kings;
That book that holds the tales of ages
Among its fascinating pages;
That book that helps me spend the day
Among those lands so far away.



WHAT IF—

Vernon F. were a white man instead of a Blackman?

Harvey F. J. were lakes instead of Brooks?

Henry J. were a help instead of a Burden?

John R. were a tree instead of a Bush?

Lawrence P. were misty instead of Clear?

John H. were oil instead of Cole?

John E. were night instead of Day?

Thayer S. F. were French instead of English?

Marcus A. were heard instead of Felt?

Robert T. were a flnte instead of a Fife?

Joseph N. were a bird instead of a Fish?

Hugh M. were yellow instead of Gray?

Arthur were a foot instead of a Hand?

William were a mountain instead of a Hill?

Edward J. were low instead of High?

William E. were a prisoner instead of a Judge?

William P. were queen instead of King?

Allen P. preferred death to Liberty?

Richard E. were a peer instead of a Lord?

Paul E. were a monkey instead of a Lyon?

Joseph A. were a lawyer instead of a Medico?

James J. were an ankle instead of a Nee?

William J. were an old comb instead of a Newcomb?

James F. were a whole book instead of a Page?

James A. and Theodore were rabbis instead of Parsons?

Deane S. were a pigeon instead of a Peacock?

Charles C. were a nickel instead of a Penney?

William were a Cardinal instead of a Pope?

Joseph M. were ever unready instead of Ready?

George A. were civilized instead of Savage?

Edward G. were big instead of Small?

Leonard were sour instead of Sweet?

Paul J. were east instead of West?

Francis E. were wrong instead of Wright?

A. J. F., '35.

H. L., '35.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

—Br. cracked a smile?

—Foreign languages were eliminated?

—Commissioned officers went on strike?

—History books were destroyed?

—D's and E's on report cards were eliminated?

—Books were used for doorsteps?

—There were no handles on the E. H. S. doors?

—Ml. lost his detention records?

—Latin were two periods a day?

They sold gum at the candy counter?

—The boys that get dismissed went home?

—The doctor's bell rang thrice daily?

—There were only one lunch period?

—The freshmen grew up before entering high school?

—Ba. lost his voice?



Zalinger (a poet): "I wish to submit a poem of mine."

Fulginiti (editor): "All right, but I'm very busy now. Won't you please throw it into the waste basket yourself?"

* * *

"I say, Jane, isn't it time baby said 'Daddy'?"

"No, John; I've decided not to tell him who you are until he gets stronger."

* * *

One Monkey Short!

Mastrolia (to taxi driver): I say, driver, is your Noah's Ark full?

Taxi Driver: One monkey short, sir; jump in!

* * *

Or Put Salt On His Tail

Big-Game Hunter: Once while I was having a meal in the jungle a lion came so close to me I could feel his breath on the back of my neck. What did I do?

Bored Listener: Turned your collar up!

* * *

We Like a Regular Trade

Warden (to released convict): I'm sorry; I find we have kept you here a week too long.

Convict: That's all right, sir—knock it off next time!

True Classicist

Professor: I would like a preparation of phenylisothiocyanate.

Chemist: Do you mean mustard oil?

Professor: Yes; I can never think of that name!

* * *

Fierce lessons.

Late hours.

Unexpected company.

Not prepared.

Kicked out.

* * *

Impartial Witness

T. Burke: Do you believe kissing is unhealthy?

Finer: I couldn't say—I've never.

T. Burke: You've never been kissed?

Finer: I've never been sick.

* * *

James F. Gardner, leading a doukey, passed by an army camp. A couple of soldiers wanted to have some fun with him.

"Why are you holding on to your brother so tightly, sonny?" asked one of them.

"So he won't join the army!" replied Gardner with blinking an eye.

* * *

Born Wrestler

"Here, young man, you shouldn't hit that boy when he's down."

"G'way! What do you think I got him down for?"

Sweet Recollections

Seiniger (to his girl): Do you remember the first time I met you?

Esther: Oh, certainly.

Seiniger: Do you recollect that we sat together fully an hour without saying a word?

Esther: I remember it distinctly.

Seiniger: Believe me, that was the happiest hour of my life!

* * *

Shouldn't Be Tight!

Shainker: What part of the car causes the most accidents?

M. Kaplan: The nut that holds the wheel!

* * *

The hardest time to get the baby to sleep is . . . when she is 18!

* * *

Sign on a street urchin's shoe box: "Shine Free—Tax 5 Cents!"

* * *

Fat Lady: I would like to see an evening dress that would fit me.

Clerk (P. McCarthy): So would I!

* * *

The Memory Lingers

Eldridge: I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the train the other day.

Mulcahy: Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand!

* * *

Please Use Service Entrance

Benway: Hello! City Bridge Department?

C. B. D.: Yes. What can we do for you?

Benway: How many points do you get for a little slam?

* * *

English Teacher: Have you done your outside reading yet?

Fay: No; it's been too cold!

Wife: "Dear, tomorrow is our tenth anniversary. Shall I kill the turkey?"

Hubby: "No, let him live. He didn't have anything to do with it."

* * *

Judge (in dentist chair): "Do you swear that you will pull the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth?"

* * *

About the only line the modern girl draws is with her lipstick . . .

* * *

First Hobo (surveying stream of pleasure seekers): "I 'ates 'olidays."

Second Hobo: "Yes, makes yer feel common when nobody ain't workin'."

* * *

Please Write Plainly

Customer: "Why do you charge 2d extra for each of my cuffs?"

Manageress of Laundry: "Because you make pencil notes on them."

Customer: "Why should that make such a difference?"

Manageress: "The girls waste so much time trying to make them out."

* * *

Child (pointing to bald-headed man): Mummy, is he a nudist?

Mother: Yes, dear, but only a beginner!

* * *

Kitchen Venus

Jarvis: I hear the cook's quite a gal.

Kouloplas (Steward): Yeah, if she can't make the milkman she starts in mashing the potatoes!

* * *

Sample Requested

"Judge," said the foreman of the jury, "this lady is suing this man for \$1000 for a kiss."

"Correct," said the judge. "You gentlemen of the jury are to decide if it was worth it."

"That's the point," said the foreman. "Could the jury have a sample?"

Please Pass the Pickles

The family was seated at the table with a guest, who was a business acquaintance of Dad's, all ready to enjoy the meal, when the five-year-old son blurted out: "Why, mother, this is roast beef!"

"Yes," answered his mother, "what of it?"

"Well, Pop said this morning that he was going to bring a big fish home for dinner tonight!"

* * *

Enemy Tactics in the Air

Squadron Leader (to new pilot): And what would you do if a squadron of enemy planes were after you?

Pilot: Fly into an air pocket and hide, sir!

* * *

Mother: Did that bluejacket attempt to kiss you last night?

Daughter: Why, mother, you don't think he came all the way from the battleship Saratoga just to listen to our radio!

* * *

Gilmore: You're sure one bottle will cure a cold?

Clerk (Marcus): It must, sir; nobody has ever come back for a second!

* * *

Sh-h-h!

"What do you intend doing when you come out of prison?"

"If I tell you, chaplain, promise me you won't let on."

* * *

"You're home early from the court, Mrs. Murphy."

"They threw me out for clappin' when me husband got three months!"

* * *

Chinaman: You tellee me where is railroad depot?

Crump: What's the matter, John? Lost?

Chinaman: No! me here! Depot lost!

They were rather late in starting for the station and his Pearl said: "You run ahead, dear, and hold the train."

"Yeh!" Walsh answered sarcastically, "and what particular hold would you like me to use—the headlock, scissors, or half nelson?"

* * *

Burke: Do you smoke, professor?

Prof.: Why, yes, I'm very fond of a good cigar.

Burke: Do you drink, sir?

Prof.: Yes, indeed. I enjoy nothing better than a bottle of wine.

Burke: Gee, it's going to cost me something to pass this course!

* * *

Twins!

"Faith, Mrs. O'Hara, how d' ye till thim twins apart?"

"Aw, 'tis aisy. I shticks me finger in Dinmis' mouth, an' if he bites I know it's Moike!"

* * *

A Florida newspaper has changed its column heading, "Births, Marriages, Deaths," to "Yells, Bells, Kuells." . . . Which brings to mind the usage of another paper . . . *Hatched, Matched, Snatched!*

* * *

Familiar!

Valet (to master): Sir, your car is at the door.

T. Flynn: Yes; I hear it knocking!

* * *

Just a Little Squirt!

"Are you a doctor?" asked a young lady, stepping into a drugstore.

"Naw," replied Noonan behind the white counter. "I'm just the fizzician."

* * *

Vicar: I was grieved to hear your husband has gone at last.

Mrs. Black: Yes, 'e 'as, sir, and I only hope 'es gone where I know 'e ain't!

The mid-day whistle had blown when Murphy called: "Has anyone seen my vest?"

"Sure, Al," said O'Brien, "and you've got it on."

"Right and I have," replied Murphy, gazing solemnly at his bosom, "and it's a good thing ye seen it or I'd have gone home without it!"

* * *

Mike and Pat had gone to bed.

Pat: Moike, are yez awake?

Mike: Yes.

Pat: Will yez lend me a dollar?

Mike: Aw, Oim schlappin' now!

* * *

Ruth: The poets say kisses are the language of love.

Webb: Let's have a nice chat.

* * *

Tramp: I dreamed I had a job last night.

Tramper: You sure look tired.

Accurate Estimate

"I'll be good for a penny, mother," coaxed little William hopefully.

"Oh, Willie," reproved his mother, "why can't you be like your father? He isn't good for a penny. He's good for nothing!"

* * *

The teacher was having her trials, and finally wrote the mother: "Your son is the brightest boy in my class, but he is also the most mischievous. What shall I do?"

The reply came duly: "Do as you please; I am having my own troubles with his father!"

* * *

"I seem to know this tune," said his wife as the organist began playing the "Wedding March." "What is it called?"

"Stormy Weather," he replied.



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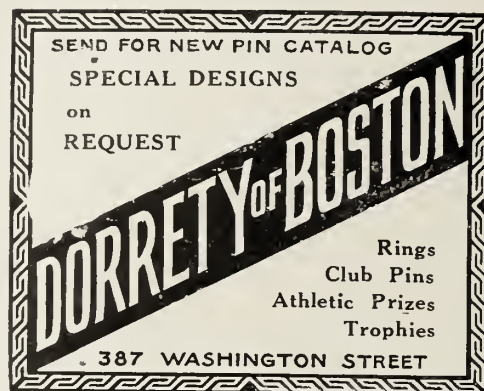
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